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БИБЛІОГРАФІЧНА
ЗАСТОВА НАУЧНА
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БІБЛІОГРАФІЧНА

THE
POETICAL
WORKS
OF

MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.



TO WHICH ARE ADDED;

MR. HAMMOND's ELEGIES.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

авт

СТАРОТНОЙ

ЗАКАЗОВ



МЕДИАКОМПАНИЯ «БИЗНЕС»

Специализированная компания по продвижению бизнеса

Создание и продвижение сайтов

Маркетинг и продвижение бизнеса

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Маркетинг и продвижение бизнеса

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ORIENTAL
ECLOGUES.

A



ECLOGUE I.

S E L I M;

OR,

THE SHEPHERD's MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,

When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;

MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub, for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fixt on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The Shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN;

OR,

THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching fand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
‘ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way! ’

MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way! ’

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

- Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way?

O cease my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

- Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way?

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wife contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

- Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way?

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:

• Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 • Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
 • Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 • Weak and unfeet as these rejected sighs!
 • Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 • No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.
 O let me safely to the fair return,
 Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

A B R A;

OR,

THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stay,
Or scent the breathing maze at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain :
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead ;

From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made :
 * Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
 The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away ;
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among :
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 ‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !’

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
 Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden power and love !
 Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
 ‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 ‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !’

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia ; see the Modern History of Mr. Salmon.

Yet 'midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.
‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !’

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !’

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule in Persia's jewell'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

—**¶ happy days ! the maids around her say ;**
—**O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !**
—**‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov’d ;**
—**‘ And every Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !’**

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER;

OR,

THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind ;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains ;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky ;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till faint and weak Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.

Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight through all its length of way !
 And first review that long extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain !
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side !

A G I B.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the faddening wind :
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

A G I B.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargs' banks, or Irwin's shady grove;
 Or Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
 Fair scene! but, ah! no more with peace possest,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SE C A N D E R.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair!
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

A G I B.

Ye Georgian swains that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way.

Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

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O D E S

D E S C R I P T I V E

AND

A L L E G O R I C A L.

22



O D E
T O P I T Y.

O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe :
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe !

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute ?
Wild Arun * too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst thy native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

* A river in Sussex.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shewn ;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design :
Its southern site, its truth compleat,
Shall rase a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard-involving fate
O'er mortal bliss prevail :
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell :
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell !

O D E
T O F E A R.

THou, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown,
Who seest appal'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between :

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;
For, lo what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accrû'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds, and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:

Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

E P O D E.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue :
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and Furies shar'd the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen †
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

* Aeschylus.

† Jocasta.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
 Or in some hollow'd seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamens cries in tempests brought!
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
 Be mine, to read the visions old,
 Which thy awakening bards have told:
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
 In that thrice-hallowed eye abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possest
 The sacred seat of Shakespear's breast!
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke!
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel:
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

O D E
TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song !

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd shore
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings flow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,

On whose enamel'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aids and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Tho' beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band:
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the fertile scene.

Tho' taste, tho' genius bles^s
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work 'till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou can'st raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale :
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

O D E

ON THE

POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
One, only one, unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;

Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

To few the god-like gift affiigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dreft with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirtng all, 3 A
Long by the lov'd Enthusiaſt woo'd, 1
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood, 2
Retiring, ſat with her alone, 3
And plac'd her on his ſapph'rie throne. 4
The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around, 5
Seraphic wires were heard to found, 6
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling, 7
Now on love and mercy dwelling ; 8
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud, 9
Breath'd her magic notes aloud : 10
And thou, thou rict-hair'd youth of morn, 11
And all thy ſubject life was born ! 12
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof, 13
Far from the fainted growing woof : 14
But near it fate eſtatic Wonder, 15
Listening the deep applauſed thunder : 16
And Truth, in funny veſt array'd, 17
By whose the Tarsel's eyes were made ; 18
All the shadowy tribes of Mind, 19
In braided dance their murmurs join'd ; 20
And all the bright uncounted Powers, 21
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers. 22

Where is the bard, whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'er-brow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like its own, lies spread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that drop'd ethereal dew,
Nigh-spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting;
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

ODE,

Written in the Year 1746.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

O **D**EAR **E**ARTH, **E**ARTH, **E**ARTH,

O **D**EAR **E**ARTH, **E**ARTH, **E**ARTH,

TO **M**ERCY,

S T R O P H E.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd :
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword !
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground :
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a
wound !

A N T I S T R O P H E.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The Fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey ;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his fable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

O D E

T O L I B E R T Y.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine a-while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound:
O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,

And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
broke.

E P O D E.

2.

Yet even, where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wond'rous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom science lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Tho' least, not last in thy esteem.
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchant sons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.

Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
 On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak :
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer heard thy voice;
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
 The ravening Eagle northward fled.)
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those * to whom thy Stork is dear :
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
 Whose crown a British queen refus'd !
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains ;
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail Nymph ! ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 'The works, the wizzard Time has wrought !'
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties, for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists, too, have endeavoured to

No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncomely sin-
 prise.
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shoul'dering billows born.
 And see, like gems, her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona *, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand Elfin shapes abide,
 And Wight who checks the west'ring tide,
 For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I don't remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

* There is a tradition in the isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her

SECOND EPODE.

'Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
 'Midst the green navel of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet:
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place:
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
 Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
 The beauteous Model still remains.
 There happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreit,

passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprize at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punish'd the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue nor numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic thro' the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to chuse,
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now sooth her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our fires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,

Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west!

O D E
T O A L A D Y,

On the Death of Colonel CHARLES ROSS,
in the Action at *Fontenoy*.

Written May 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day :
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May :

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend :
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid :
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head !
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed !

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest :
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight :
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But lo where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies !
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod, which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round

Proclaim her reign restor'd :
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the fated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear :
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,
Wild war insulting near :

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep :
Even humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep..

O D E

T O E V E N I N G.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim born in heedless hum :

Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
To breath some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy darkning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp.

The fragrant Hours and Elves -

Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with fedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,

The pensive Pleasures sweet

Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,

Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,

Whose walls more awful nod,

By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,

Views wilds, and fwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,

And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw

The gradual dusky vail.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport

Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,

Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes :

So long regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

O D E
TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies :
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn :
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind !
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train :
The British lion, Goddes sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,

MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

49

By warlike Honour led !
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed !

THE MANNERS.

A N O D E.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd ;
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind :
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd !
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizzard Passions fly,
By which the giant Follies die !

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green :
Where Science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade !

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite !
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,

And, with her mingled sons allied,
Throw'st the Prattling page aside :
To me in converse sweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around :
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view !
Till meddling Art's officious lore,
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school ;
Thou, heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise ;
While ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glas :
With these the white-rob'd Maids combine,
And those the laughing Satyrs join !
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues ?
Thou by the Passions nurs'd ; I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet !
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone :

Me too amidst thy band admit,
 There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
 (Whose jewels in his crised hair
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
 Whom no delights from thee divide)
 In laughter loos'd attends thy side !

By old Miletus * who so long
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song :
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades :
 By him †, whose knight's distinguish'd name
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame ;
 Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet,
 Castilia's Moorish hills repeat :
 Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
 In wachet weeds on Gallia's shore,
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
 By virtues in her fire betray'd :

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;

* Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all her song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Wore ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Fity at his side,
Her foul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.

'Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder'd flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;

Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beethen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best:
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kis'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddes, why to us deny'd?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recal what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—

"Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

A N E P I S T L E

ADDRESSED

To SIR THOMAS HANMER,

On his Edition of *Shakespear's Works.*

WHILE born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
While nurs'd by you she fees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb!
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And, blushing, hides her wreath at Shakespear's name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unknown by science, and by years obscur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.

Preserv'd thro' time, the speaking scenes impart
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
 Or paint the curse, that mark'd the * Theban's reign,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
 The comic sisters kept their native ease.
 With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
 But every Muse effay'd to raise in vain
 Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain;
 Ilyssus' laurels, tho' transferr'd with toil,
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
 Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were Learning's foes.
 Till † Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
 And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:
 Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
 The soft Provencial pass'd to Arno's stream:
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
 The gay description could not fail to move;
 For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakespear to her fame be born!

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Johnson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakespear felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

† With gradual steps and flow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:

* Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

† About the time of Shakespear, the poet Hardy
was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to
Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after

By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.
 Till late Corneille, with * Lucan's spirit fir'd,
 Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd:
 And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
 The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
 And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
 Yet He alone to every scene could give
 Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
 Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprize,
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
 And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
 Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
 The † time shall come, when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed.
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
 When dreary visions shall at last present
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:

him, applied themselves, in general, to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Johnson excepted.

* The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

† *Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum.*
Intactum Pallanta, &c.

Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

O more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!

Methinks even now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdu'd the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But * who is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's infatiate fury fall,
(So heav'n ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man, conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes their stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the *Odyssey*.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole un-
known,

Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.

Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,

By winds and waters cast on every shore :

When rais'd by fate, some former Hammer join'd

Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;

And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim

A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

D I R G E
IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by GUIDERUS and ARVIRAGUS over
FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, 'till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's self be dead.

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The SCENE of the following STANZAS is supposed to lie on the THAMES, near RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

* The harp of *Aeolus*, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail?
 Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
 With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
 No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green hill's side
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

* Richmond Church.

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

* The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

* Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond sometime before his death.

XII.

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L O V E
E L E G I E S.

B Y

M R. H A M M O N D.

Written in the Year 1732.

With a PREFACE by the E. of C—d.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

卷之三

THE LAW OF EVE

THE EGG

action bis zu vollständiger
Wiederherstellung von Siedlungen
und Industrieanlagen.

СИОМЯН ЯМ



THE

P R E F A G E.

THE following elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment, or partial friendship; for the editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The author composed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But, sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; 'twas nature, and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected, plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united, the one without pride, the other without mean-

ness. Tibullus seems to have been the model, our author judiciously preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding, and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters. The ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died, — but in these times too, — “ *Ut non crepta a diis immortalibus
vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.* ”

LOVE-LEGIES.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in love with NEÆRA.

FAREWEL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :
I saw Neæra ; and her instant slave,
Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid,
Why shou'd I loiter by your idle spring ?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere :

I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires :
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep :

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thought beneath a heav'ly face ?
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace ?

Hence all the blame that love and Venus bear,
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover,—Hence this angry song.

E L E G Y II.

Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of
NEÆRA, he intends to make a campaign,
and try, if possible, to forget her.

A DIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound ;
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age ;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unsated vengeance and remorseless rage :

To purchase spoil even love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care,
And I thro' war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair :

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
Hers the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifed ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas, wou'd idle fancy tend?
And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakness of my mind:
In vain,—tho' Reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

E L E G Y III.

He upbraids and threatens the avarice of
NEÆRA, and resolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more ;
Not all the god cou'd satisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay ;
May midnight fire involve thy fordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey :

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom ;
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend shall find :

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep ;

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,
Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
Then home returning drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf ly easy on her breast.

E L E G Y IV.

To his friend, written under the confinement
of a long indisposition.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
And lose in pleasing thought the summer day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray :

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought :
Oh spare, * Persephone, this guiltless head !
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace,
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face :

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the god's eternal rest
With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

* The goddess of death.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand ;
Ah ! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand ?

Ye gods, whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound :

Oh let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now with festive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing, but your absent friend.

E L E G Y more V. or gloe

The lover is at first introduced speaking to his servant; he afterwards addresses himself to his mistress; and at last there is a supposed interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast;
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors;
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal;
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray!
So all my curses far from thee shall fall;
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires;
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave;
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread,
She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way;
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd,

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash man! beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight :

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
Tho' question'd by the pow'rs of earth and heav'n,
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard-dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaf't thy husband's ear;
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;

By MR. HAMMOND.

37

I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till scar'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year ;
At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow ;
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind ;
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind :

But, what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free ;
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies ;
How could it venture to abandon thee ?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures DELIA to pity him by their friendship with CELIA, who was lately dead.

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care ;
Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still — to-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain :—
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long ?

By all the joys thy dearest Celia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn :
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame ;
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue ;
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah ! do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hov'ring round us all my suff'rings hears ;
She is my faint, to her my pray'rs are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears :

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And, lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire ;
The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white ;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Cease, cruel man ! the mournful theme forbear ;
Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain :
Ah ! to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On DELIA's being in the country, where he
supposes she stays to see the harvest.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air ;
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain ;
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh ! with what joy, my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong !
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along !

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand :
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost and useleſs lay ;
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister * saw him pace along ;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

* The goddess Diana.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
The god himself has grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's cheerful pomp, my fair detain:—
Think what for lost Proserpina * you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ;
They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire:
Thrice happy times!—but, oh! I fondly rave;
Lead me to Delia; all her eyes inspire
I'll do—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

* The daughter of Ceres taken from her by Pluto.

E L E G Y VIII.

He despairs that he shall ever possess DELIA.

AH! what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain :
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r ;
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain :

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past ;
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life ;
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And, when I long have serv'd her, call her wife :

I only ask, of her I love possess,
To sink o'ercome with bliss in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno, with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire ;
This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
Oh! let me with this sigh of love expire.

E L E G Y IX.

He has lost DELIA.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover still who died not of despair.

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art;
I scorn the cheat of Reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wife.

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone:
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
Where all those hopes relentless Fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
Delia may come and see my poor remains:—
Oh Delia, after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend?
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand?

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride;
Let all the world thy hapless lover know;
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But deeply graven thus my suff'rings show:

Here lies a youth borne down with love and care;
He could not long his Delia's loss abide;
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And, when he durst no longer hope, he died.

E L E G Y X.

On DELIA's birth-day.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest;
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous pray'r,
Or bind the shepherdess, or loose the swain;
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain;
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Against lovers going to war, in which he philosophically prefers love and DELIA to the more serious vanities of the world.

THE man, who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart !
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose ;
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life ;
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear ;
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground ?
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound ?

Ah ! better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,

To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul;

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

G

ELEGY XII.

To DELIA.

NO second love shall e'er my heart surprize,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others, and secure my rest;
No need of envy;—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darknes canst expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear;
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

E L E G Y XIII.

He imagines himself married to DELIA, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers never found :

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the funny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleeting lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!

Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And, with my Delia walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia, and myself alone.

Ah foolish man! who, thus of her possest,
Cou'd float and wander with ambition's wind,
And, if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind?

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope speak his list'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in this friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend;
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what ayails to press the stately bed,
And, far from her, 'midst tasteless grandeur weep?
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;

In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;
'Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh quit the room! Oh quit the deathful bed!
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart!
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead!
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To DELIA.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd!
Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend;
In books, a calm but fixt content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned ease, and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each diff'rent stile,
Each various ray of wit's diffusive light:

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence inchant's the heart:

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the Author thro' his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton ! shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West ! with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive ?
Ah ! still I love, in pride and reason's spite;
No books, alas ! my painful thoughts relieve,
And, while I threat, this cleyg I write.

E L E G Y XV.

To Mr. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

OH! form'd alike to serve us and to please;
Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wise; tho' gentle, full of fire:
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
The faithful story of a lover's woes.
When, in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state too little weigh'd before,
And Love himself could flatter me no more:
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave;
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness thro' its pride.
The prudence which I taught I ill pursu'd,
The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd;
Again submissive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my passion by my shame:
While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;
Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:

She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And strengthen'd by her faith, each groundless tale;
Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:
Oh! where were then my scenes of fancied life?
Oh! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care;
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
In nature learned, and humbly wise:
There Pitt, in manner soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my lift'ning grief shall charm;
With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
A Roman's virtue, with a courtier's ease.
Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast:
Reason may chide the fault she cannot cure,
And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure:
Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind,
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity by its own.

E L E G Y XVI.

To Miss D—w—d.

In the manner of OVID.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast,
Where now's my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known,
Oh! where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore,
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend;
Nor wit, nor wisdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.
And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please,
Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,

Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind :
Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
In vain to tell thee all I write in vain ;
My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend),
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend ;
Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair ;
But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
So shall the choice itself become thy fame ;
Nor yet despise, tho' void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart ;
The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
Tho' less it feels, will please and flatter more,
And meanly learned in that guilty trade
Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe ;
And since their tears, in false submission drest,
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast ;
Oh ! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe ;
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

A N S W E R

TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

By the late Lord HERVEY.

TOO well these lines that fatal truth declare,
 Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
 But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
 What can it hope, tho' mutual it should prove?
 This little form is fair in vain for you,
 In vain for me thy honest heart is true:
 For would'st thou fix dishonour on my name,
 And give me up to penitence and shame;
 Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
 And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life:
 Could'st thou submit to wear the marriage chain,
 (Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
 No saffron robe for us the Godhead wears,
 His torch inverted, and his face in tears.
 Though ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd,
 Love soon would cease to smile where fortune frown'd;
 Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
 And blame what it solicited before;
 Thy own exhausted, would reproach my truth,
 And say I had undone thy blinded youth;
 That I had damp'd ambition's nobler flame,
 Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame;

110 ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that, negatively kind,
You only mourn'd, and silently repin'd ;
The jealous dæmons in my own fond breast
Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
And all that sense must feel, tho' pity had suppress'd.
Yet added grief my apprehension fills
(If there can be addition to those ills).

When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
" 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head!"

Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
Nor pities tenderneſs, nor honours truth ;

Holds it romantic to confes a heart,
And say those virgins act a wiser part,
Who hospitals and bedlambs would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor ;
Who, legal prostitutes for int'reſt sake,

CLODIOS and **TIMONS** to their bosoms take,
And, if avenging heav'n permit increase,
People the world with folly and disease.

Those, titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed ;

And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
That poor degen'rate child her friends disown,
Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
If I embark upon this summer sea,
Where flatt'ry smooths, and pleasure gilds the way,
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that score thy heart receive,
And with that guiltless name my own deceive;
That commerce now in vain you recommend,
I dread the latent lover in the friend;
Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
Neither to int'rest nor to honour true,
And proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they despise;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And tho' I like the lover, quit the love.

T H E E N D.

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